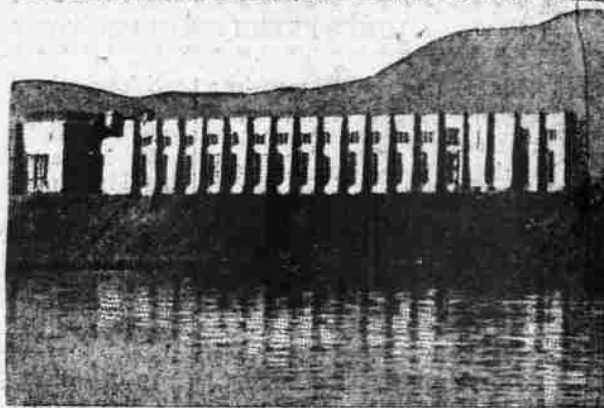


THE END OF THE McNAMARA CASE; BROTHERS BEING TAKEN

Sheriff Ham-
mel, of Los An-
geles, pointing
out San Quen-
tin penitentiary
to McNamara
brothers as
their boat drew
near. Next to
the sheriff is
John, and next
to him is Jim,
who is under
life sentence for
dynamiting the
Los Angeles
Times building.



WHERE FREE SPEECH BLOOMS

Many cities of the country, particularly cities along the Pacific coast, are, every now and then, all stirred up over the matter of stump speaking in the public streets. The police become ugly and blood is shed. The jails are filled with I. W. W. orators, or perhaps a whole I. W. W. audience. Councils are damned for not prohibiting street meetings, or for prohibiting them, and there is no end to the hauling and yanking, this way and that, on the subject. Friends of free speech cuss the government and the government cusses the free speakers, and there's no limit to the bitterness.

Tom Johnson, the late famous mayor of Cleveland, settled this matter in a fashion that merits the consideration of all municipal executives. He erected small "rostrums" of two or three steps and a platform right in the public square of his city.

Wise men of the Chamber of Commerce derided Tom's action and said the speaking would be done by anarchists and other disturbers. "Well," said Tom,

"if the anarchists are out there, so they won't be in the back room of a saloon concocting bombs or other try."

So it is that Cleveland is the sentative city of free speech. The stone platforms are out there in square, right in the center of the city. You can mount one of them and denounce the government from Pluto's regal breakfast. You can mount and denounce your mother-in-law, your home, your butcher, or any other old thing you're out of wind. Only the twigs and the sparrows will interfere.

You can clear your system of any particle of bile it holds, and then you will sit back, merely glad that you have saved them trouble. If you are a blood-thirsty in your declaration, you seem to have a particularly bad garden of domestic evils to proclaim. The bare limbs of the grimy park elms may draw a crowd of a dozen people when you've shot out into the open, the abient atmosphere your surcharged soul, some of your hearers may